

Home Circle.

NEXT CHANGES IN JOURNALISM.

Within a year or two there will be important changes in the mode and means of newspaper makings.

The reporter will send both description and picture by telautograph, and the reporter of the future is going to draw as well as write.

The editor, whether in his office or temporarily residing at a distant point, will telautograph his orders and ideas, and, by an improvement now being perfected, he will receive telautographical proofs in return.

Writers on newspapers will become users of a machine in process of construction by which the present typewriter keyboard will not only set their ideas into print, but will also instantaneously put them into type, eliminating the machine typesetter as the machine itself has eliminated the hand compositor, and as the steam press eliminated the hand press.

These are only a few of the changes in the near future of journalism. These and others bound to come will not injure any one, but will divert to other profitable fields now occupied intermediately between the writer and the press. By cheapening the cost of producing a newspaper, these changes will improve the business and make it more beneficial to mankind.—*Times-Herald*.

HOW ONE BOY SERVED CHRIST.

For those who seek chivalrous adventure like the knights-errant of old, opportunities occur almost every hour in the day.

It was a cold morning in March in Chicago. A little old man stood on the corner of Clark and Randolph streets selling newspapers.

He was thinly clad and kept trotting up and down, trying to keep warm, and his voice was hoarse from cold, and passers-by could hardly hear him.

Some boys jeered and laughed at him, but one, about thirteen years old, rather better dressed than the rest, after looking at him for a few moments, walked up to him and said: "I will shout for you."

The old man thought the boy was making fun of him, but the boy began to call out: "'Times,' 'Herald,' 'Tribune,' 'News,'" in a clear voice, which attracted so many customers that in a little while the old man sold his stock.

He offered to pay his youthful partner, but the boy would take nothing, and went off with a smiling face.—*Sunday-school Advocate*.

FIVE CENTS' WORTH OF BEEF.

"I am sure I can do something for the missionaries." Dottie came to this decision quite suddenly as she was trotting off to market. She was the only little one mamma had. They were very poor, for Dottie's mamma was a widow, and so Dottie had to go to the market every morning for the few cents' worth of meat they were able to buy.

"Now, here is this pretty bouquet of spring flowers I picked as I came along. Maybe some one will buy it."

But no one seemed to want it. Dottie tried again and again. Many told her roughly to get out of the way. At last, in despair and almost crying, Dottie told her troubles to the big butcher. He had a kind face, if he was a butcher, and how his eyes did glisten while Dottie was talking!

Finally, Dottie said she believed she wouldn't buy but five cents' worth of beef that morning. That would do for mamma, and she (Dottie) could go without. She didn't mind eating dry bread, even for two days, just so she had that five cents to give to the missionaries.

"All right," said the butcher. But, somehow, he didn't let Dottie see him when he wrapped up the beef.

"Why," said Dottie's mamma, when Dottie told her the story, "there's just as much beef here as usual."

And sure enough there was. You see the big butcher had done it purposely. But nothing could induce Dottie to touch it. She had started out to *earn* that five cents, and earn it she did.

Don't you think that is the best way in the world to *earn* missionary money?

JACK'S EXPERIMENT.

"O dear! I wish I could fly," said Jack, coming in from school. "The sun is so hot coming up that hill, and it's dreadfully tiresome to walk."

"It is a great deal more tiresome not to be able to walk," answered grandma; looking down at her rheumatic feet as they rested on a cushion.

"And since you are not a bird, but a boy, you'd better try to be as good a boy as possible, and stop wanting so many things that you cannot have," remarked his mother. "Now run out and bring me an armful of wood, Jackie, for the kitchen fire is nearly out."

"That is always the way when I wish for anything," muttered Jack for the edification of the wood pile. "I musn't wish for riches or wings or anything else, but just plod along and be contented. I don't see how a fellow can be contented when *dying to sin* to live a new and better life. See?

"TAKE 'EM JACK."

A very pleasing incident occurred on one of our busy streets during the heated term—pleasing because of the unselfish spirit it displayed.

It was a fatiguingly hot day, and only those whose business was urgent were found upon the scorching streets. Presently a little newsboy appeared in sight. He was not alert and blustering as is the ideal newsboy; on the contrary, he moved along as though each step he took was painful to him. Meeting an acquaintance he stopped to exchange greetings under the friendly shade of an awning.

"What's the matter with you to-day, Jack? You get along 'bout as fast as a snail?"

"So would you, I guess, Tim Ragan, if your feet were full of blisters walking on the hot sidewalk. Every time I put a foot down it's like to set me crying," the other answered.

Tom looked down at the bare feet in question, and glanced at his own, encased in a pair of shoes that had certainly seen duty, but which still afforded protection from the heat of the dazzling pavements. Quick as a flash he dropped down on a step, and the next moment was holding out his shoes to Jack.

"Here, you can wear them until to-morrow. My feet ain't blistered. Take 'em, Jack; it's all right." And away he went, crying: "Three o'clock edition of the Post," at the top of his voice, seemingly unconscious that he had just performed a brave deed.—*Southern Presbyterian*.

A LITTLE SERMON.

Horace Mann was one of America's most famous teachers. He summed up an excellent little sermon to schoolboys in the following:—

You are made to be kind, generous, magnanimous. If there is a boy in the school who has a club foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy, with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lesson.

If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him. All the school will show, by their countenances, how much better it is than to have a great fist.